



THE LIBERTY "BOYS OF '76"

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By HARRY MOORE.



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CHAPTER I.

A FRIGHTENED REDCOAT.

It was the 18th of May, 1778.

Philadelphia was in a turmoil.

General William Howe, who had long been commander-in-chief of the British army in America, had sent in his resignation to England, and was going to sail for England to defend himself and his actions, he having been charged with negligence and incompetence.

Sir Henry Clinton had been appointed commander-in-chief in Howe's place, and had arrived from New York to take charge of the British army, which had occupied Philadelphia, doing nothing but drink and carouse, all the preceding winter.

The people of Philadelphia liked Sir William Howe, however. He was a fat, good-natured man, and had not much of cruelty or ill-nature in his make-up. Indeed, that was one of the charges against him from the home government, that he was too easy-going and good-natured to be successful general.

On this May morning of which we write two youths were walking along Broad street, talking and looking about them with interest.

"What's going on, here, to-day, Dick?" asked one; "there seems to be an unusual stir."

"I'm sure I don't know, Bob," was the reply, "but I am going to find out before very long."

"How?"

"I am going to ask some one."

"There comes a common, ordinary-looking fellow, Dick; ask him."

"All right."

When the man was almost up to the youths they paused, and he, seeing the youths wished to speak to him, paused also.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the youth who had been addressed as Dick; "but would you be so kind as to tell us what is occasioning all the excitement in the city to-day?"

"Where are you from that you don't know?" the man asked, looking at the youths in surprise.

"We are from up country, sir, and have but just got into the city."

"Oh, that's it."

"Yes."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what is going on. General William Howe has sent in his resignation as commander-in-chief of the British army, and is going to sail for England; and his departure is going to be celebrated and signalized by a grand parade and tournament, which is called the Mischianza."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"And this parade and tournament takes place to-day?"

"Yes; this afternoon."

"What will they do in this tournament?"

"Oh, it will be similar to some of the old-time tournaments of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; young knights will meet and break lances in friendly combat, and there will be a parade that will be well worth looking at."

"We must see it, eh, Dick?"

"Yes, I think we will stay in the city and take a look in at the tournament," was the reply.

"You will miss something the like of which you will probably never get a chance to see again if you don't stay," said the citizen.

"Oh, we will stay," said Bob.

"Yes, indeed," from Dick. "And now, sir, do you know who is to take command of the British army in General Howe's place?"

"I do; Sir Henry Clinton."

"Ah, yes; the commander at New York."

"He is not in New York now."

"He is not?"

"No."

"Where is he?"

"He is here in Philadelphia."

"Ah, indeed?"

"Yes; as Sir William Howe steps out, Sir Henry Clinton steps in."

"I see. Thank you, sir, for the information which you have given us."

"You are welcome, my boys."

Then the man passed on, and the youths made their way slowly along, conversing in low tones.

These two youths were the famous Dick Slater, captain of the company of daring youths known as "The Liberty Boys of '76," and Bob Estabrook, Dick's righthand man. They were handsome young fellows, seemingly about nineteen years of age."

They had entered Philadelphia without any trouble at all that morning, there not being any sentinels at the outskirts of the city, and this circumstance had aroused surprise in their minds.

Now they understood it, they thought; in the excitement of the coming gala day, and incident to the change of commander-in-chiefs, no sentinels had been posted.

The youths were dressed in rough clothing such as was worn by farmers' boys of Eastern Pennsylvania in those days, and they looked like rustic youths at a casual glance. Had any keen-eyed observer taken the trouble to look at them closely, however, he might have been impressed with the idea that the two were not mere farmer boys.

"What do you think about this matter, anyway, Dick?" asked Bob, as they walked slowly along.

"I'm sorry General Howe is going back to England, Bob."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"Why so?"

"Because he was such a good-natured, easy-going man."

"He was a bit easy-going, wasn't he?"

"Yes, and that was good for us, you see."

"I see. You think Clinton will be more aggressive?"

"I fear so."

"He has never done much, has he?"

"No, but of course he has not had the opportunity."

"That's right."

"And now that he has the opportunity, he may try to do something, in order to make it appear that he is a great general, and impress his home government with the fact that he should have had the command of the British army all the time."

"Well, that might be all the better for us, Dick."

"How is that, Bob?"

"Well, unless he really has great ability as a general, if he tries to do anything great, he will only get himself in

trouble, for General Washington is not the man to be fooled or beaten."

"That's true, too. Well, we will hope that the change for our good rather than the good of the British."

The youths had been so absorbed in their conversation that they had not noticed that there was a man following close at their heels.

The man in question was a redcoat, for he wore the brilliant scarlet uniform, and that he had heard at least a portion of the conversation was evident, for he now tapped Dick on the shoulder and said:

"I arrest both you young men in the name of the king."

The youths whirled and stared at the redcoat in amazement.

"Well, who in the name of the king are you?" asked Dick, presently.

"I am a soldier of the king."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and you two youths are rebels."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you are mistaken," said Dick, quietly.

"Yes, yes; entirely mistaken," said Bob, gravely.

"Bah. You can't deceive me."

"We have no wish to do so."

"You are trying to do so."

"Oh, no; we are simply telling the truth."

"Bosh! I heard what you were saying as you walked along."

"You heard what we were saying?" remarked Dick.

"I did."

"Then you know we are not rebels, for we did not talk anything that would indicate that such was the case."

"I say you did."

"And I say we did not."

The "Liberty Boy" spoke calmly and positively, and looked the redcoat straight in the eyes.

"You must be crazy if you think we said anything that would indicate that we are rebels," said Bob.

"Yes, indeed," from Dick. "He really must be crazy, Bob!"

"I think so. Hadn't we better take him in charge, and deliver him over to the proper authorities?"

"I shouldn't wonder and it were our duty to do so."

The redcoat had stood there, staring from one to the other, with eyes that were almost starting from their sockets. He hardly knew what to think. Either the two youths were the coolest fellows he had ever seen, or else they were crazy. So he decided, and to tell the truth, he felt a bit

meat, for if they really were crazy he might get himself
o trouble in interfering with them.

"Say, what's the matter with you two fellows, anyway?"
managed to exclaim, presently.

"There's nothing the matter with us," replied Dick,
mly. "The matter is with you. I can see he is crazy,
n't you, Bob?" this last to his comrade, who nodded his
ad, and said:

"Yes, it's plain to see. He ought not to be let run at
ge, I'm thinking."

"That's what I think, and——"

"Oh, say, shut up, you two!" cried the redcoat. "I'm
ore than half inclined to think you are both crazy!"

"What! Do you mean to say that we are crazy?" ex-
aimed Dick, fiercely. "Why, it is you who are in that
ndition. Let's take him in custody, Bob, before he gets
olent and hurts some one."

"Hands off," cried the redcoat, drawing a pistol. "I'll
oot the first man that lays hands on me."

Suddenly Bob began jumping up and down, and whirl-
g around, at the same time striking wildly out with his
sts. He acted the part of a man with a fit to perfection,
ve for the frothing at the mouth, and when he thought he
as close enough the redcoat, who was staring at him with
arting eyes, the "Liberty Boy" gave the fellow a clip on
e jaw that knocked him down, kerthump.

The redcoat was so badly frightened, however, that he
id not seem to feel the blow, and he leaped to his feet
uickly, and started to run, only to be seized by Dick and
Bob, who made a great pretence of trying to hold him.

They wanted to simply frighten him so that he would
o away and let them be, and to judge by the cries to which
e gave utterance and the superhuman manner in which
e struggled to get free, he was very badly frightened in-
eed. He had dropped the pistol when he fell, after being
truck by Bob, and had not tried to regain the weapon.

"Hang to him, Bob!" cried Dick, pretending to pant,
s if almost exhausted.

"I will, Dick!" was the reply.

"The fellow is crazy as can be."

"Yes, and violent, too! Just see how he is struggling."

"You are right. We mustn't let him get away."

"No; hang to him."

"Let go!" howled the redcoat. "You are the crazy ones,
yourselves. Let go!"

The youths saw that a crowd was beginning to collect,
nd so they suddenly eased up sufficiently so that the red-
coat was enabled to break loose from their grasp.

He darted away at the top of his speed, yelling "Help!

Murder!" and although they could scarcely cry out for
laughing, the youths set out in pursuit, yelling, "Stop!
Stop!"

But the redcoat did not stop. He ran faster than ever,
and soon disappeared around a corner. The youths fol-
lowed to the corner, and turned down the street in pursuit,
but the fugitive was away in the lead, and as they did not
try to gain on him he rapidly drew away from them.

Presently they stopped running, and a man said to
them, pointing after the fleeing redcoat:

"What's the matter with that fellow?"

"Crazy!" replied Dick, impressively.

"Crazy?"

"Yes; mad as a March hare."

"Well, I thought as much," with a nod of the head. "He
went past here, yelling 'Help! Murder!' and I said to my-
self, right away, that he must be crazy."

"Yes; we tried to take him in custody, back yonder a
ways, but he broke loose from us and got away."

"They say crazy men are mighty strong."

"Yes; he was too strong for us."

"And too fast a runner, too."

"You are right."

Then the two walked onward, and having turned aside,
into another street, gave way to their mirth, and laughed
till they almost cried.

"That's the best joke I ever had anything to do with,"
said Bob. "Jove, but wasn't the redcoat scared!"

"He certainly was, Bob."

"I'll wager he is running yet."

"Quite likely."

Then they bent nearly double, and laughed and laughed.
As Bob had said, it was certainly a great joke on the red-
coat.

CHAPTER II.

LIVELY WORK.

The youths were right, had they only known it. The
redcoat really was still running at the moment when Bob
made the statement that he would wager the fellow was
still running.

The truth was, the British soldier was badly frightened.
His nerves had been given a terrible shock, and when at
last two or three comrades leaped out in front of him and,
grabbing hold of his clothes, forced him to stop, he begged
them to let him continue onward.

"What for?" asked one.

"What's the matter, anyway?" from another.

"Are you crazy?" from the third.

"No, I'm not crazy."

"Then what is the matter with you?"

"Why are you running like a crazy man?"

"To get away from two crazy men."

The three looked at the man wonderingly.

"To get away from two crazy men?" doubtfully remarked one, with a searching look in his comrade's face. The suspicion was upon him that the fellow really was crazy.

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"They were chasing me."

"They were?"

"Yes."

"Then where are they now?"

"I have left them far behind, I guess."

"Tell us about them."

The redcoat told his comrades the story, and they listened with interest; but not one of the three would believe that the two youths were crazy.

"They were too smart for you, that's all," said one, scornfully.

"That's right," from another. "They fooled you, old man."

"Yes; they were no more crazy than I am," from the third.

"If I really thought that——" said the redcoat.

"What would you do?" asked one.

"I'd go right back, hunt them up, and arrest them."

"Probably you couldn't find them now."

"No; likely not."

After some further conversation the four walked away, going toward their quarters. They had gone seven or eight blocks, when suddenly an exclamation escaped the lips of the redcoat Dick and Bob had had the encounter with.

"There they are," he suddenly cried.

"Who?"

"Where?"

"Show them to us."

"Yonder," pointing. "See those two young fellows?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, those are the two fellows who tried to make out that I was crazy, and then acted like crazy men themselves."

The other three redcoats were all eagerness at once.

"Let's go around and get ahead of them," said one.

"Then we can come up the street and meet them face. I'm eager to see just what sort of looking they are."

"And so am I," from another.

"I'm in for doing it," from the third.

The redcoat who had had the encounter with the youths did not look very eager, but he acquiesced, and they walked rapidly down the street, till nearly a block in advance of the two "Liberty Boys," and then, crossing the street, turned back and came up toward the youths, on the other side of the street.

Soon they met Dick and Bob, and came to a stop, blocking the way of the youths and forcing them to come to a stop also.

The youths had been engaged in conversation, and had not been keeping a very sharp lookout, so had not noticed the redcoats, particularly until the four came to a stop and barred their way, and then a glance showed them that one of the four was the fellow they had had the encounter with.

The youths at once jumped to the conclusion that they were in for trouble, but they did not let on. They did not seem to be a bit worried.

"Hello!" exclaimed Bob, nonchalantly. "Say, here's that crazy fellow again."

"You are right," replied Dick, promptly, giving the redcoat a calmly critical look.

The redcoat flushed, and looked angry.

"I'm not crazy," he cried.

The youths both laughed in such a manner as to indicate that they did not believe the statement.

"You are not?" remarked Bob.

"No."

"Then all I have to say is that you act very queerly for a sane man."

"Oh, come now," said another of the redcoats, in a tone he intended to be a severe and impressive tone. "You are carrying this thing too far."

"Carrying what thing too far?" asked Dick.

"Why, about pretending to think our comrade crazy."

"Why, we can't help it. He acted like a crazy man, and we were not to blame for taking him to be one."

"Bosh! We have had enough of that kind of talk."

"Is that so?" coolly.

"Yes. Do you know what I think?"

"I'm sure that I have no idea what you think."

"Well, then, I'll tell you."

"Go ahead."

"I think you two chaps are rebels."

"Oh, you do?"

in fact I do."

"Well, you are mistaken."

"You are not rebels?"

"Oh, no."

"Who and what are you, then?"

"A couple of country boys who have come into the city to witness the big doings that are to be gone through with to-day."

"Bah!"

"You don't believe it?"

"No."

"It's the truth."

"Bosh."

A peculiar glint came into Dick's eyes.

"You mean to say I lie?" he asked.

"Well, yes, since you put it that way," was the reply in a insolent tone.

Crack!

The youth's fist had shot out like a flash, and had struck a redcoat full between the eyes, knocking him down.

"I don't allow any man to call me a liar," said Dick firmly.

"That's the way to do it, Dick!" cried Bob, delighted.

And if these other fellows try any tricks we'll give them the dose of the same kind of medicine."

The other three redcoats stood there, staring in open-mouthed wonder. The thing had been done so quickly as to render them incapable of making a movement for a few moments.

In fact, they did not make a move to do anything until after their comrade had struggled to his feet, and then as he leaped forward to attack Dick, crying, "At the scoundrels, fellows, and pound them to death," they leaped forward to render him such assistance as was within their power.

Then ensued a very lively combat.

The two "Liberty Boys" were quick and active as cats, were good sparrers, and were used to hand-to-hand encounters, with the odds against them. The result was that they were enabled to make the affair much more than interesting for the four redcoats.

A crowd had quickly gathered, made up of citizens and redcoats, and the spectators thought that the soldiers would soon be victors, as they outnumbered the youths two to one. But to their surprise, it did not turn out that way at all.

True, the redcoats struck out rapidly and fiercely, and had they been able to land their blows would no doubt soon have ended the affair in their favor; but they could not land

the blows. The youths were here, there, and everywhere, moving with such rapidity and agility that no hard blows were landed on their persons, while on the other hand they landed quite a number.

Crack! Smack! Smash!

The youths' blows could be heard when they landed, and soon the four redcoats had each been knocked down two or three times, and were beginning to be "groggy."

Then the "Liberty Boys" went at it with a will, and quickly finished the affair up by knocking the four down, one after another, and with such force that the men lay where they had fallen. They were dazed, knocked out, in fact."

Cries of amazement escaped the lips of the spectators.

"That beats anything I ever saw."

"It is wonderful."

"Those two boys are terrors."

"They are, for a fact."

"I wonder who they are?"

"And what was the trouble, anyway?"

A big, broad-shouldered redcoat took it upon himself to make inquiries.

"What was the trouble between you two fellows and our comrades?" he asked.

The youths shook their heads.

"You'll have to ask them," said Dick. "We haven't the least idea why they attacked us."

"They attacked you, then?"

"Yes."

"What had you said or done to them?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing at all."

"That is something I cannot believe."

"I don't care whether you believe it or not," said Dick.

"Oh, you don't?" There was a threatening intonation to the redcoat's voice.

"I do not." Then Dick turned to his companion.

"Come on, Bob. Let's be going," he said.

"All right," and they started up the street.

The big redcoat got in their way, however.

"Hold on," he cried. "Don't be in such a hurry."

"But we have some business to attend to," said Dick.

"It can wait."

"No it can't."

"It will have to wait."

"Why so?"

"Because I say so."

"Oh, that's the reason, eh?"

"Yes; you are not going away from here until after my comrades have regained their senses. I wish to learn from them what the trouble was about."

"You can learn as well without us here as with us."

"I know, but I think you should be detained. My opinion is that you are rebels."

"Oh, that is your opinion, is it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are mistaken. Step aside and let us pass."

"I could not think of doing so."

"Then—take that."

Out shot Dick's fist.

Crack!

The fist struck the redcoat full between the eyes, and big as he was he went down as if shot.

"Now, let's get away from here in a hurry, Bob," cried Dick.

The youths leaped forward, and choosing a point where the crowd was thinnest, started to rush through.

There were a number of redcoats there, and they attempted to stop the youths.

The result was that a lively combat was quickly in progress.

The "Liberty Boys" realized that if they were captured now they would be dragged off to headquarters, and as General Howe knew Dick well by sight, and had even gone to the length of offering five hundred pounds for his capture, it would go hard with the youths.

Realizing this, they fought as they had never fought before, and they knocked the redcoats right and left. The fierce manner in which they fought was certainly a surprise to the redcoats, and to the citizens as well, many of whom, getting in the way, were floored for their pains.

The youths fought their way through the crowd, and presently were at the outer edge.

They lost no time, then, in breaking through and getting away from the vicinity.

As soon as they were clear of the crowd, they dashed down the street at the top of their speed.

A number of redcoats and not a few citizens followed them, shouting for them to stop.

Of course the "Liberty Boys" paid no attention to the commands to stop.

They continued to run at their best speed, and this was so much faster than their pursuers could run that they gradually drew away, and were soon out of sight around a corner.

They kept on running for several blocks, and then, as the shouts attracted considerable attention, they slowed

down to a walk, and after turning several corners drew breaths of relief.

"I guess we are safe now, Dick," said Bob.

"I guess so, Bob. I hope so, at any rate."

"I think we had better get into another part of the city."

"That's what I think."

"Then we'll keep right on walking, and won't stop until we have placed a mile or more between us and the scene of our fight with the redcoats."

They walked rapidly onward, and a block or two further on they came upon a scene which attracted their attention, and made their blood boil with anger.

CHAPTER III.

THE LIEUTENANT'S SCHEME.

Four men, all of whom were roughly-dressed, rouged-looking fellows, were attacking one man. In the hands of the four were short, heavy clubs, and the scoundrels, like such they evidently were—were doing their best to break the one man.

The man being attacked was a young fellow of perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four years, and he wore the uniform of a British lieutenant. He was defending himself as best he could, and was trying to draw his sword, but could not do so, the ruffians raining blows upon him with such rapidity that he was forced to keep ducking and dodging and throwing his arms up to ward off the blows and protect his head.

It happened that this was a narrow, unfrequented cross street, and this accounted for the fact that the four ruffians had dared attack the young officer in broad daylight.

"Look at that, Dick!" cried Bob.

"I see it, Bob."

"Let's help the young fellow out."

"I'm willing. I don't like men who wear that uniform, as a rule, but I can't stand back and see four ruffians pound one man with clubs."

"Nor I. Come along."

They rushed forward, shouting to the four to desist, and as they did so they drew pistols and flourished them.

The men gave a startled glance in the youths' direction and then, one having succeeded in felling the officer with a blow on the head, they took to their heels and fled at the top of their speed.

"Shall we pursue them, Dick?"

"No, we had better give the young fellow our attention. He may be badly injured."

They returned the pistols to their belts, and hastened to the young officer's side.

He was groaning with pain, but was not senseless. The blow from the club had been a glancing one, and had not done any serious damage.

The "Liberty Boys" assisted the injured man to a sitting posture, and it was not long before he was all right again, with the exception that his arms were so sore he could scarcely lift them.

"It is from blows from the clubs of those scoundrels," he said. "I kept throwing up my arms to ward off the blows, and the result is that I will be unable to use my arms for a month."

"You are lucky if there are no broken bones," said Dick. "I don't think that any of the bones are broken."

"You would have had a broken head if you hadn't ward off the blows with your arms," said Bob.

"You are right. Well, I am much obliged to you young gentlemen for frightening the scoundrels away. If you hadn't done so they would have pounded me half to death, likely."

"Perhaps more than half," said Dick.

"No, I think not," was the reply. "I fancy I understand why the attack was made, and who instigated it, and if I am right, the intention was to simply lay me up for a week or so."

"Ah, that was the scheme, eh?"

"I think so. But if you young men will accompany me to my apartments I shall be much obliged to you. I am practically helpless, and if the ruffians were to lay in wait and attack me again they would have things all their own way."

"We shall be glad to accompany you," said Dick.

"Thanks. It isn't very far."

He rose to his feet, and the three walked down the street together. They kept a sharp lookout, but saw nothing of the four ruffians.

"I guess they made up their minds that they had crippled you sufficiently to lay you up for a week, and have cleared out for good," said Dick.

"It looks that way. Well, I am satisfied to have it so." Presently he made his way up the steps of a house on a good street, the youths accompanying him, and he said to Dick:

"Kindly open the door for me. I can't lift my arms."

The youth did as requested, and the three passed through, into a hall. Dick closed the door, and the lieu-

tenant led the way up a flight of stairs, and pausing in front of a door, again turned to Dick.

"You will find a key in my right trousers pocket," he said. "Kindly get it, and unlock the door for me. These are my rooms."

The youth did as requested, and the three entered the room.

"Now close and lock the door," said the officer. "I wish you to stay awhile if you will. I have something to say to you."

"Very well," and Dick closed and locked the door.

"Now, if you two will be so kind," said the lieutenant, "I would be glad if you would remove my coat, roll up my shirt-sleeves, and rub some liniment on my arms."

"We shall be glad to do anything for you that we can," replied Dick, and he and Bob quickly but gently removed the coat and rolled up the officer's sleeves.

Exclamations escaped their lips as their eyes fell upon the young man's arms.

"Just look at that," said Bob. "Isn't that enough to make a fellow want to go out, hunt those scoundrels down, and shoot them full of holes?"

"It does, for a fact," agreed Dick.

"My arms do look a bit bad, don't they," remarked the lieutenant.

"I should say so," from Dick.

And such was indeed the case. The lieutenant's arms were covered with bruises, and were black and blue from the wrists to the shoulders.

The youths were told where they would find liniment, and getting it, they went to work. They rubbed it on the officer's arms and then massaged it in, as gently as was possible, for every touch seemed to cause the lieutenant pain.

After nearly an hour of this work the young man was enabled to move his arms fairly well, and said that he would be able to feed himself, and undress and dress.

"There is something I will be unable to do, however, that I had set my heart on doing," he said, with a grimace.

"What was it?" asked Bob.

"I was down on the programme to take part in the *Mischianza*, which, as you no doubt know, is to be held this afternoon."

"And what were you to do?"

"I was to be one of fourteen knights who are to break lances in honor of fourteen beautiful maidens. I was one of the seven knights of the *Blended Rose*, and we were to compete with seven knights of the *Burning Mountain*."

"Ah, I understand. And you certainly would not be able to wield a lance with those sore arms of yours."

"No, indeed; and that brings me back to what I told you on the street. I am confident I know who instigated the attack on me, and why it was done."

"Ah, yes. You did say so, I remember."

"Yes; and I'm going to tell you all about it, too. You have been so kind to me, and have done me such a great favor—or rather, a number of favors, that I feel it is only right that I should tell you all."

"We shall be glad to have you do so, sir," said Dick, who had taken quite a liking to the handsome young officer. "But we do not think you are under any obligation to do so."

"As I said, I shall be glad to tell you all. And I may have a selfish reason back of it, too," with a smile. "But, by the way, I have not told you who I am as yet."

"True," said Dick.

"My name is Harold Hartwick, and I am a lieutenant in the British army—as you have no doubt guessed by my uniform."

"And my name is Sam Martin, and my companion's name is Joe Benton," said Dick.

"I am glad to know your names," said the lieutenant, "and I trust that we will be good friends."

"I trust so, Lieutenant Hartwick."

"Do you boys live here in Philadelphia?"

"No; we live out in the country three or four miles, but we have come to the city to see the Mischianza, as you call it."

"So I judged. Well, I'm glad you did come, for if you had not done so you would not have been on hand to put those ruffians to flight, and they might have beaten me to death."

"I judge that is the truth," with a smile.

"Yes. And now to tell you my story. As you know, the British army has been in Philadelphia many months, and naturally we younger officers have looked around us, and selected sweethearts from among the pretty American girls of the city."

"That was only natural," nodded Dick.

"You are right. Well, myself and another lieutenant by the name of Manville have been rivals for the love of a beautiful maiden by the name of Garland—Miss Grace Garland, and she has been selected to be one of the fourteen maidens in whose honor the knights are to, this afternoon, break lances. As a matter of course, both Manville and myself were eager to be the knight who was to represent Miss Garland, and he thought for awhile that he was

going to be chosen. He even went so far as to wage quite a large sum with some of his comrades that he would be chosen, but this came to the knowledge of the officers having the affair in charge, and they gave me the position in place of Manville. As you may well understand, he was wild with rage. He was not only disappointed, as he wished to be Miss Garland's knight, but he stood to lose a goodly sum of gold, besides."

"I understand," said Dick, and Bob nodded.

"You may think I am prejudiced against Manville," went on the lieutenant, "but such is really not the case and it is my real judgment that he is a scoundrel at heart. When he found that I was to be the knight in place of him he was, as I have said, very angry, and made the statement that I should not be Miss Garland's knight. He talked rather threateningly, but some of his friends got hold of him, and got him to hush. But since this attack has been made I am more than satisfied that he meant what he said, and that he hired the ruffians to attack me with the intention of crippling me up to such an extent that I could not take part in the tournament this afternoon."

"And he has succeeded, I fear," said Dick. "You will be unable to wield a lance."

"You are right, and that is what is worrying me."

"Of course, Manville expected that, if you were unable to play your part, he would be assigned to it."

"Undoubtedly that is his scheme."

"Well, he has fixed things so that he is in a fair way to succeed in his scheme," said Bob.

"Yes—unless I can manage to get up a counter-scheme and beat him at his own game."

There was a peculiar intonation to the lieutenant's voice as he said this that attracted the attention of the youths and he looked at Dick in a peculiar manner, also, which aroused that youth's curiosity.

"You have some such counter-scheme in mind?" he asked.

The officer nodded.

"I have," he replied.

"Do you mind telling what it is?"

"No. I shall have to tell you, for you figure in the scheme very largely, Sam."

"I?" in surprise.

Bob looked eager and excited, but said nothing.

"Yes, you."

"What could I do to assist you?"

"A good deal, I think."

"Well, I shall be glad to do anything I can to assist

ou, and defeat such a villain as I believe Manville is, judging from your description of him."

tion "You are, eh?"

wa "Yes."

ish "Even to taking my place and playing the part of a knight of the Blended Rose in the Mischianza and tournament this afternoon?"

For a few moments Dick and Bob stared at the lieutenant in a silent amazement. They were so surprised that for once they were unable to find their voices when they wished to advise them.

The lieutenant sat there, serene and calm, and with a smile of satisfaction and amusement commingled on his face. He seemed to enjoy the amazement of his companions.

"You don't mean to say that you really wish me to take your place in the Mischianza and play the part of a knight of the Blended Rose?" presently gasped Dick.

"That is just what I do mean," was the calm reply.

"But do you think I could do it?"

"I think so."

"But I don't know anything about the use of a lance."

"Neither do I. It doesn't signify. They are wooden lances, and all that is necessary is to strike the lance of your opponent, when both will be shivered to pieces."

"But the officers in charge of the tournament will see that I am not you, and will object to my taking part, will they not?"

"No; the knights wear half-masks, and it will be impossible to detect the substitution."

"Ah, that is the way of it, is it?"

"Yes. I believe you will be able to take my place without anyone ever knowing the difference, Sam."

"Well, I am willing to make the attempt to please you, lieutenant, and to aid you in spoiling the scheme of a scoundrel."

"Thank you. I shall not forget your kindness, my boy."

"But how am I to get there without it being discovered that I am not you, lieutenant?"

"That is simple enough. You will dress here in my rooms, and don your mask, and the horse will be brought to the front door. All you will have to do will be to go down, mount and ride to the place where the tournament is to be held. No one will suspect that you are not me."

"And what will you do?"

"I am going to don your suit, and Joe and I will walk to the place and be spectators of it all."

"Very good. I am willing to do what you wish me to do."

CHAPTER IV.

DICK BECOMES A KNIGHT.

"Will one of you open the door and see who it is and what he wants?" the lieutenant asked.

Bob hastened to the door and opened it.

"I am an orderly from headquarters," the newcomer explained; "I wish to see Lieutenant Hartwick."

"Come right in, orderly," called out the lieutenant.

The man entered, and approaching the lieutenant, said:

"I have been sent here, lieutenant, by the committee in charge of the affairs, to ask if you will be ready to take part in the parade and tournament this afternoon?"

The officer gave Dick and Bob a quick, meaning glance, and said:

"Why should they think that I might not do so?"

"Well, I think it was reported at headquarters that you had been injured, and they feared you might not be able to do your part this afternoon."

"Humph. Do you know how the report reached them—who brought it to them?"

"No, I do not, really."

"Well, it doesn't matter. I know, already."

The lieutenant said this in a low voice, as if talking more to himself than otherwise, and the orderly said:

"What is that you say, sir?"

"I say for you to return to headquarters, orderly, and tell the gentlemen of the committee that I will take the part assigned to me in the parade and tournament this afternoon."

"Very well, sir; and I shall tell them you were not seriously injured?"

"Yes."

"Very good. I will do so."

The orderly saluted and withdrew, and then the lieutenant turned his face toward the youths, and nodding his head significantly, said:

"You see? Manville either carried the news to the committee himself, or had it done, and his intention was to be given my place."

"It looks as if you are right," agreed Dick.

"Yes, it's a plain case," said Bob.

"So I think. Well, we'll fool Lieutenant Manville, in spite of him."

When luncheon time came the lieutenant ordered lunch for three to be brought up to his rooms, and this was done, and he and his two guests ate heartily, though the

had to assist the lieutenant in feeding himself, to some extent.

When the servant had removed the dishes and the remnant of the lunch the three began making their preparations. Dick doffed his old clothing, and donned the fine costume that the lieutenant was to have worn.

It fitted him to perfection, he and the officer being just about the same size and build, and the two uttered exclamations of pleasure and delight.

"Jove, that looks fine," said the lieutenant. "I can see, now, what a brave showing I would have made, but for this scheme of my good friend, Manville."

Then, assisted by Dick and Bob, he donned the suit Dick had taken off, which fitted him very well.

"Well, we're ready, now," he said. "All that will be necessary will be for you to don your mask and go down and mount my horse, and ride to the place where the tournament is to be held."

"Is the horse down there now?" asked Dick.

"No, but he will be in half an hour; then we will start. Or, rather, you will start; Joe and I will follow a little later."

"Aren't you afraid you will be seen and recognized, and the committee discover the imposition that is being practiced?" asked Dick.

"No; no one will be looking for a British officer togged out like this."

"Perhaps not."

"No; and everybody who knows me thinks I will be among the knights on horseback, and even if they were to get a pretty good look at my face, they would simply think it a chance resemblance."

"True, I judge you are right."

They talked for half an hour, the lieutenant telling Dick all he could think of that would be likely to be of any use to him in playing his part. He told him the names of the officers of the committee, and described each particularly, and gave the youth the officer's names, so he could call them by their names, if he had to do so.

At last the lieutenant said it was time for Dick to be off.

"The horse is down there," he said. "Don your mask, and let us see how you look."

The youth obeyed.

Bob and the lieutenant looked at him and nodded their heads in a satisfied way.

"No one will detect the difference, eh, Joe?" the officer asked, looking at Bob.

"I think they will never know that it is not you, lieutenant," replied Bob.

"You are right. The half-mask disguises him perfectly. And as they are not suspecting such a thing as that a stranger will be there in my place, they will never know the difference."

"I'm glad of that," said Dick. "I shall feel better, now that I know that."

"You need have no fears whatever," said the lieutenant. "Be as bold as you like. You will be safe."

"I will try to act as I think you would act, lieutenant."

"That is right. Well, good-by, and good luck to you."

"Good-by, and rest assured that I shall do my best to fill your position in a way that will not be a discredit to you."

"I am sure you will do that."

Then Dick left the room, made his way downstairs and out of doors, and mounting a handsome horse which was being held by a lackey, he rode away. He was an experienced rider, and very graceful in the saddle, and the lieutenant said: "He is a good rider, isn't he?"

"Yes, he has ridden horses all his life, almost."

"That will redound to my credit," with a smile. "The people who know me will say that I fairly outdid myself to-day, for I am only a fair rider, and not nearly so graceful in the saddle as is your friend."

Dick rode onward at a fair pace, for he was in no hurry, and everywhere along the street he was stared at with admiration by the citizens and soldiers. The citizens uttered exclamations of admiration, while the soldiers in the majority of cases saluted.

"Well, well, this is an experience, sure enough," thought Dick. "The idea of me taking the place of a British officer, and taking part in the *Mischianza*! It certainly is something I was not expecting to do."

The "Liberty Boy" had been in Philadelphia quite often, in the capacity of spy, when trying to secure information of the intended movements of the British, and had a good knowledge of the city. The lieutenant had told him where the knights were to meet and Dick had no difficulty in finding his way thither.

They were all on hand when he got there, and he heard one say, "Ah, here he comes now," as he rode up. This was proof to Dick's mind that they had been talking about Lieutenant Hartwick, and he jumped to the conclusion that they had more than half suspected that he would not put in an appearance.

"Well, lieutenant, you are here at last, are you?" remarked one, as he brought his horse to a stop.

"Yes, I'm here," replied Dick. He had paid particular attention to the sound of the lieutenant's voice, and he now imitated it very successfully. It would have taken an expert ear to have detected the fact that it was not Lieutenant Hartwick's voice, but an imitation.

"We heard you had been injured."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"Who was your informant?"

"Lieutenant Manville told us that he had heard that you were set upon by a party of ruffians, and pounded till you were senseless—isn't that right, lieutenant?" turning toward a young officer who stood near, biting his mustache, dark frown on his face.

Dick quickly glanced at the fellow, and sized him up. "A scoundrel, if ever there was one," he said to himself. "I have no doubt but that Hartwick's suspicions were correct. Manville looks to be capable of doing almost anything."

On being addressed, the young officer looked up at his questioner, and nodded.

"Yes, that's true."

"And I suppose the ruffians who attempted to do the work were the ones who informed him," remarked Dick, quietly, making the statement more as if he knew it to be true, than as a question.

A murmur of surprise went up from the lips of the knights, and all turned their eyes first on Dick, in surprise, and then on Manville, as if to see what he would say to do. There was that in their looks and actions which told Dick that the lieutenant in question was considered to be a dangerous man.

"Likely he is a fire-eater," thought Dick. "I must say he looks the part."

The lieutenant heard what Dick said, and his face flushed, and an angry exclamation escaped his lips. He came quickly forward and faced Dick.

"What was that you said, Lieutenant Hartwick?" he asked, his voice trembling with anger, while his eyes fairly flashed with rage.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" asked Dick calmly.

"Yes, I heard what you said. And now, do you mean to insinuate that I had anything to do with the ruffians attacking you?"

"Oh, I don't say so, Manville," was the calm reply. "But I must say that your taking it up so quickly makes it look somewhat suspicious."

"Oh, it does, eh?" showing his teeth like a snarling dog. "Yes."

The other knights stared in amazement, and watched eagerly, for they fancied there was going to be trouble.

A curse escaped the lips of Manville. He glared up into Dick's eyes, and hissed:

"If you say I had anything to do with setting the ruffians on to attack you, Lieutenant Hartwick, you lie."

"I have not said so, as yet," remarked Dick, coolly.

"But I really do believe that you did it, and will accept your remarks for what they are worth, and answer them—thus."

As he finished speaking Dick slapped Lieutenant Manville's face with the palm of his hand. It was not a baby tap, by any means, but a resounding slap, that caused the recipient's head to whirl half around, and brought tears to the owner's eyes. The smack could have been heard half a block.

The knights stared in open-mouthed amazement, and awaited what was to follow with breathless interest and eagerness.

There were others among the crowd of spectators who lined the street who were surprised, as well, and the persons in question were Lieutenant Hartwick and Bob Estabrook, who had just arrived upon the scene as the blow was delivered.

"Good heavens," gasped Hartwick. "Your friend will be killed."

"I guess not," replied Bob.

"Yes, he will. Manville is a fire-eater—the most dangerous man in the army, and he will never rest until he has had blood in return for that blow."

They had no time to say more just then, as Lieutenant Manville had recovered from the stupor of surprise into which the blow had thrown him, and was raging like a madman.

"You cowardly scoundrel," he cried. "Get down off that horse, and I will cut your miserable heart out. Get down, I say."

He drew his sword and flourished it, making passes at an imaginary foe with such dexterity as to show plainly that he was an expert with the weapon.

"What did I tell you?" remarked Lieutenant Hartwick. "Your friend will be murdered in cold blood."

To his surprise his companion did not seem to be alarmed. Bob simply smiled, and remarked, quietly. "I don't think there is any danger, lieutenant."

"Yes there is—and my arms are so crippled up that I cannot take your friend's place and fight Manville, as I ought to do, seeing that he has gotten himself in trouble on my account."

"Oh, no, he hasn't gotten himself in trouble on your account, lieutenant," replied Bob, who knew his comrade well, and felt sure Dick had deliberately made up his mind to teach the villainous schemer a lesson. "I know my friend well, and he did that wholly on his own account."

"You think so?"

"Yes."

"But I don't understand it. Why should he wish to pick a fuss with Manville, whom he never saw before?"

"He knows what kind of a fellow Manville is, and hates all cowards and scoundrels, and I am confident he has made up his mind to teach him a lesson."

"But he can't do it."

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it. Why, Manville is a fire-eater, a skilled and desperate duellist, and he has never yet met his match in an encounter. He will kill your friend, if he dares offer to meet him."

But Bob shook his head and smiled.

"He will do nothing of the kind," the youth said, confidently. "If my friend meets Manville you may make up your mind to one thing, and that is that the scoundrel is going to meet his master at last."

The lieutenant stared at Bob in amazement.

"You speak with such confidence that I am beginning to be assailed by a suspicion that you two are not what you seem," he said. "You are not ordinary country youths, after all."

"No, we are not," with a cool smile. "And that fire-eating rival of yours, yonder, is going to meet with the surprise of his life when my friend faces him, as he will undoubtedly do."

CHAPTER V.

A VILLAIN FOILED.

In response to the fiery lieutenant's to get down off his horse and have his heart cut out, Dick remarked, quietly:

"Since you seem eager to shed blood, lieutenant, I shall be only too glad to accommodate you. But we will not dare fight here, will we?"

"Not right here on the street," in a milder voice, as he again sheathed his sword. "But we can go right around behind this building, here, and have it out in the rear yard. We will not be interfered with, I am confident."

The other knights were evidently amazed, and one whis-

pered to Dick: "Surely you are not going to fight him, Lieutenant Hartwick?"

"Oh, yes, I am," was the reply.

"But you know his reputation. He will kill you, as sure as you cross swords with him. It will be almost the same as suicide."

"Yes—on his part."

Dick spoke so quietly that the other knight stared open-mouthed amazement. He began to think the lieutenant—as he supposed Dick to be—was crazy.

Aloud Dick said, quietly: "Just lead the way around the rear of the building, Lieutenant Manville, and I will follow you. We will then very quickly settle our little difficulty."

"Come along!" in a tone in which there was the ring of fierce satisfaction; "just follow me, if you dare, and I will fix you so you will have to have some one take your place in the tournament this afternoon."

"Indeed!" with a light laugh. "We will see about that, lieutenant," and Dick leaped to the ground.

The knights all did the same, and then some boys from among the crowd present were hired with a few silver pieces to hold the horses, after which the knights followed Dick and Lieutenant Manville down the little alley, and around into the yard at the rear of the building.

A large crowd followed, also, and among them were Bob and Lieutenant Hartwick. The latter was excited and nervous, and it was evident that he thought his substitute was going to his death.

"Don't worry about my friend," said Bob, who saw his companion was pale and worried. "He will take part in the parade and tournament, just as he figured on doing."

"You must have great confidence in him."

"I have."

"Has he ever fought a duel?"

"Several of them."

"Ah, indeed? With swords?"

"Yes, with swords."

"Is he a good hand with the sword?"

"I have never seen his equal."

"I know, but perhaps he has never been opposed to a good swordsman."

"He has fought some of the best swordsmen in the British army."

"Is that true, really?"

"It is."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. But it seems very strange to me. Who is your friend, anyway?"

Bob smiled, and looked mysterious.

"I don't think I had better tell," he replied.

"You may trust me implicitly, Joe."

The lieutenant's tone was eager. It was evident that curiosity was greatly excited.

But the youth again shook his head.

"It will be best for me to keep the secret," he said. "I may tell you later on, however; or perhaps my friend will tell you when this affair is over."

By this time the combatants-to-be were in the back row, surrounded by a great crowd, and it was plain that there would soon be an exciting battle to watch.

"I suppose this affair will be done in regular style?" remarked Dick.

"Oh, yes; I have a friend here, who will act as my second, and you have friends among the knights of the Blend-Rose."

"I will act for you, Lieutenant Hartwick," said one of the knights, stepping forward. Of course Dick did not know him, but did not let on, simply remarking:

"Thank you. I shall be glad to have you act for me."

"Jove, I can't help feeling that I ought to be there in your friend's place," whispered the lieutenant. "It doesn't seem right that he should imperil his life in my cause."

"You tell me Manville is a skilled swordsman as well as an experienced and desperate duelist."

"So he is."

"Then you would lose your life if opposed to him."

"Perhaps not. Fortune might favor me."

"Fortune usually favors the more skillful and experienced man, and you would undoubtedly fall."

"Perhaps so. But that would be better than that a man should lose his life for me, in a cause which is not his own, and, too, while doing me a great favor."

"He will not fall, or lose his life," said Bob, confidently.

"I hope not; but I have fears."

"Then dismiss them. My friend is going to teach your enemy a much-needed lesson."

"I wish I could have as much confidence as you seem to have."

"You would have if you knew my friend as well as I know him."

"Well, it will be a great thing for many of the younger officers of the British army if Manville is taught a severe lesson. He is an arrogant, overbearing fellow, always picking quarrels and causing trouble, and half the officers are afraid to say their souls are their own when they are around where he is."

"A lesson will do Manville good, and he is in a fair way to get it."

"I hope so."

"I am sure of it. Ah, watch, now, they are about ready to begin."

Indeed, this was the case. The two opponents were facing each other, sword in hand, and were only awaiting the word to begin hostilities. Dick had been lent a sword by a young officer in the crowd, and now faced Manville, weapon in hand.

"Had you not better take off the mask?" Dick's second inquired. "It may interfere with your eyesight in some manner."

Of course Dick did not wish to do this. To remove the mask would be to disclose the fact that he was not Lieutenant Hartwick, but some stranger masquerading as the Lieutenant, and it would cause a sensation and spoil everything. So he simply shook his head, and said:

"No, I will leave the mask on. There is no necessity for removing it."

"It might get loose and interfere with your eyesight at a critical moment," insisted the second.

But Dick shook his head.

"I have no fears of such a happening," he said. "If the lieutenant is ready I am."

"The lieutenant is desirous of concealing the pallor of his face from the gaze of the spectators," sneered Manville.

"So you think that is my reason for leaving the mask on, do you?" remarked Dick coolly.

"Yes."

"Well, you are mistaken. I don't see who would pale through fear of a man who is such a coward and scoundrel as to hire ruffians to set upon an enemy and beat him to death, as you did."

"What's that. You dare apply the epithets of coward and scoundrel to me?" hissed Manville, his sinister face looking like that of a demon as he glared at his opponent.

"You heard what I said, did you not?" was the calm reply.

"I did, and your life shall pay the forfeit for those words," hissed Manville.

"Perhaps, perhaps not," was the cool reply.

The supposed lieutenant did not seem to be at all frightened, and this was considered remarkable by the spectators who knew Manville and his reputation as a desperate and dangerous duelist. They had never thought Hartwick a coward, but neither had they given him credit for possessing such cool and indomitable courage in the face of what seemed like certain death. They could not under-

stand it, but their respect for Hartwick rose several degrees.

"Your friend is certainly acting in a way to reflect credit upon me," whispered Hartwick. "I hope and pray that he will be able to come through the encounter safely."

"I am confident that he will do so, lieutenant—ah! they are at it. Now watch them. And keep your eye on your substitute, and you will see some of the prettiest sword-play that ever you saw."

Bob had spoken truly. The duelists were at it. The second had given the word, and the swords had come together with a clash, and the sparks flew from the highly-tempered blades.

Lieutenant Manville had a supercilious, almost sneering smile on his face, and he started in to do some fancy work with the sword, in order to show off. He well knew he was Lieutenant Hartwick's superior with the sword, and it was his intention to play with his rival and enemy as a cat plays with a mouse, for a few minutes, using his opponent's clumsiness with the sword as a background on which to show his own skill, and then he would run his opponent through—for he had made up his mind to kill Lieutenant Hartwick and remove a dangerous rival from his path. He really loved Miss Grace Garland, and fearing that she favored Hartwick, would put him out of the race for all time by killing him.

But Manville was given a severe shock before they had been at it fifteen seconds. As I have said, he started in to show off, and play with his opponent, and holding the supposed lieutenant very cheaply, as a swordsman, was careless, with the result that, almost before he knew what had happened—and indeed, he did not know how it happened—his sword was knocked out of his hand, and he stood there, weaponless, at the mercy of his opponent.

A great cry of surprise went up from the spectators, and none were more amazed than were the knights, for they were all young officers who well knew Manville's deadly expertness with the sword. They fancied that it must have been an accident, the disarming of Manville, but as according to the rules of dueling Hartwick had the right to take advantage of the situation and run his opponent through, they expected to see him do it, as they knew the two were rivals and deadly enemies—or rather, that the real Lieutenant Hartwick and Manville were.

Lieutenant Hartwick was amazed, and a low exclamation escaped him.

"Good!" he said in a low but eager voice. "I believe that what you have said about your friend's abilities with the sword was the truth."

"Yes, indeed," said Bob, quietly. "But Manville careless. You will see some great work, presently."

To the surprise of all the spectators, Dick had stepped back, and stood waiting for his opponent to regain his weapon.

"You had better run me through," said Manville, trembling with rage and chagrin. "You will never get another such chance. It was an accident, of course, and if you permit me to take up my weapon and meet you again on equal footing, it will be your death-warrent, for I shall spare you."

"I could not think of taking advantage of an unarmed man," said Dick quietly. "Not being capable of hitting ruffians to beat an enemy to death with clubs, I am capable of running an unarmed man through. No; take up your sword and I will prove to you that this was not an accident."

"All right; and I'll kill you as sure as my name is Manville!" and with the words the lieutenant seized his sword and again faced Dick.

"Prepare to die!" he said fiercely, as he again attacked Dick, this time using more caution, however, as was easily noticeable.

"It is you who should prepare to die," was the calm reply. "I am in no danger."

"What! you in no danger?" with a sneering laugh. "Why, Hartwick, I am the best swordsman in the British army in Philadelphia, and you know it."

"Oh, no, I know nothing of the kind. I am your superior."

This was said in such a coolly confident manner that the spectators stared in amazement.

Manville laughed sneeringly, and said:

"Then prove it, if you are my superior with the sword. I will do so."

And then Dick suddenly cut loose, and began attacking his opponent. If the spectators were surprised by the display of wonderful swordsmanship Manville was even more surprised. He was amazed, and, indeed, a feeling of fear took hold upon him, and had a tendency to make him unable to do himself justice. He could tell by the feel of the swords when they came in contact, and by the wonderful evolutions of his opponent's blade, that he was opposed to one who was his master, and the thought flashed through his mind that Hartwick had long been practicing secretly, with the purpose in view of meeting him in duel and killing him.

This thought took more of the courage out of him, and had a disastrous effect on his work with the sword, and

ult was that Dick soon had Manville wholly at his mercy. He could have run the fellow through, and disposed of him for good and all, and this was plainly apparent to all, but he had no wish to take the fellow's life, but merely to give him a severe wound and lesson, and put an end to his bullying and killing of brother officers in the ranks.

With this idea in view Dick seized upon a favorable opportunity, and gave Manville a severe wound in the right shoulder.

As the sword entered his body Manville dropped his sword and sank to the ground with a groan, and a gasping cry of pain.

"Your friend is a wonderful young man," said Lieutenant Hartwick, in an eager, excited whisper to Bob. "I am glad he got through that affair safely, and administered a severe lesson to Manville."

"I knew he would do it," said Bob, quietly. "That fellow of mine is one of the most wonderful fellows you ever saw, and that is the truth."

"I can well believe it, now," was the enthusiastic reply.

CHAPTER VI.

DICK WINS.

The fall of Lieutenant Manville was the signal for numerous exclamations of wonder and amazement.

The majority of those present were aware of the fact that the wounded man had long been a terror to his brother officers, and that he was reputed to be the best swordsman in the army, and now that he had been defeated by the young Lieutenant Hartwick, they were glad, and were anxious to make a hero of Hartwick.

"Hurrah for Lieutenant Hartwick!"

"Lieutenant, I congratulate you."

"You have done a very good thing, indeed."

"You have given Manville a much-needed lesson."

"Yes; and I think it will do him good."

"He will behave himself in future, I think."

Such were a few of the remarks made by the spectators.

Of course, Dick paid no attention to the remarks. He was a modest youth, and did not feel like crowing, or being the center of much of.

He walked over to where a surgeon was examining his opponent's wound.

"He is not mortally wounded, is he, surgeon?" he asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "He is worth a dozen dead men yet."

"So I thought."

"It— isn't— your— fault— though," said the wounded man painfully.

"That is where you are mistaken," was the quiet reply. "It is through my clemency that you are alive at this moment. I could have run you through in a vital part as well as where I did, but my intention was to teach you a lesson, rather than to kill you; and I hope you will bear this in mind in future, and refrain from seeking quarrels with your brother officers."

"I don't believe you!" said the wounded man.

"Why, anyone could see that he could have killed you if he had wished to do so," said one of the knights.

"Yes, indeed," said the surgeon. "I saw the whole affair, and know that Lieutenant Hartwick could have finished you for good and all had he so desired, lieutenant. But don't talk any more."

Arrangements were made, and the wounded man was taken to his quarters, after which the crowd again returned to the street.

Dick's fellow knights were anxious to do him honor, and crowded around him and congratulated him. A number of them had had difficulties with Manville, and two or three carried scars, the result of encounters with him.

Fearing that if he talked very much his companions might detect the fact that he was not the man they thought him to be, Dick did not have much to say, making his replies as brief as possible.

He was glad when at last the order came to fall in, as the parade was about to start.

The knights rode two and two, and soon the parade was moving. Thousands and thousands of people were out to witness the doings, and cheers went up from all along the route, for as is well known, the majority of the people who had remained in Philadelphia during the time the British were there were Tories.

After the parade came the other things, and chief among these was the tournament between the knights of the Blended Rose and those of the Burning Mountain.

Fourteen beautiful maidens, dressed in Turkish costume, occupied the seats of honor, and it was in honor of these maidens that the knights were to break lances.

This tournament created boundless enthusiasm.

Even though the lances were made of wood, which was easily shattered into bits, the spectacle of the knights charging toward each other on horseback was a grand one, and it was easy to imagine the affair a real combat.

Two by two the knights rode out, and dashed at each other like mad, and again and again the wooden lances were shattered to bits against the wooden shields. The game was that whichever side broke the most lances for their opponents, or unhorsed the most men, would be declared the winner, and up to the time when Dick was to go forth and do mimic battle, the number of broken lances was exactly even on both sides, and no one had been unhorsed.

As Dick and his opponent were the last two knights who would do battle their encounter was looked for with great interest. It was hoped that it would decide the contest, one way or the other, as a tie would be undesirable.

The knights of the Blended Rose had great faith that the supposed Lieutenant Hartwick would be victorious. His triumph over Lieutenant Manville in the duel with swords had caused him to rise greatly in their estimation, and they felt that this was his day to triumph.

"Now, win from yonder knight as you won from Manville, lieutenant," said one of the knights. "We must defeat the knights of the Burning Mountain, and our hopes are in you."

"I'll do the best I can," was the quiet reply.

"Good. That's the way to talk, and we are sure that your best will be more than good enough to carry off the victory for our side."

"I am not so sure about that," was the modest reply. "But I will win if I can."

Now, of course Dick had never had any experience in this kind of fighting. It was entirely new to him. But he was such an expert rider, and had been in battles on horseback so often that he believed he would feel quite at home. Of course the lance would have to be handled differently from the way a sword was handled, but the youth had read a great deal, and had read many stories of tournaments between knights in the olden times, and, moreover, he had been using his eyes while the tournament was in progress, and had taken particular note of the movements of the combatants that had preceded him. He had taken note of the work that had proved disastrous, and of that which had been successful, and he believed he understood what should be done and what not. One of the knights of the Blended Rose had come within an ace of unseating his opponent, and Dick had seen what sort of a blow from the lance had brought this about. The point of the lance had struck the other knight's shield right in the center, and it was only because the knight of the Blended Rose had not held his lance steady enough that the other fellow had es-

caped being unseated. As it was he reeled, and regained his seat only with difficulty.

So now Dick went forth to the combat, determined to strike his opponent's shield full in the center, if possible, and to hold the lance so strongly and so steady as to unhorse his opponent, if such a thing was possible.

Soon the opponents were in position, and at the sound of the bugle-note, which was the signal for them to work, they urged their horses forward on the gallop.

Dick held his lance under his arm, and was grasping it with a grip of iron. His eyes were on the shield of the coming knight, and he was ready to put his plan into execution.

Thousands watched the scene in breathless excitement.

Among those who were greatly interested were the Lieutenant Hartwick and Bob Estabrook.

As may be supposed, the lieutenant hoped his substitute would win.

"If your friend should win, it will make a great day for me," he said with a smile. "I shall henceforth be the champion of the army."

"Well," said Bob, "this is a new business for him. I am confident he will give a good account of himself. He is a splendid horseman, and that will be a help in the affair."

"So it will, and he knows as much of the use of the lance as his opponent knows, for none of us have practiced with the weapon. We decided that it would be fair for all to have not practiced, but went into the affair green as to the use of the lance."

"True; that would be fair for all."

"Yes. Ah, now they are going for each other! Watch your eyes on them!"

Straight toward each other the horses ridden by the two knights went, and just before coming together, they swerved to the left.

This enabled the riders to bring their lances into position, and they did so promptly.

Dick had a sure and quick eye, and he succeeded in pressing the point of his lance squarely in the center of his opponent's shield. More, he was holding the lance with a grip of steel, and when the shock came the lance did not give back or glance off; it held firm, and the result was that the knight of the Burning Mountain was hurled from his saddle and to the ground with a thud.

He had been unhorsed in the most skillful manner. A great cheer went up from the thousands of spectators, the majority of whom were impartial, and did not vote for which side won.

The soldiers who were adherents of the knights of the Burning Mountain looked down their noses, however; they were sadly disappointed, for they had hoped to win the tournament.

On the other hand, the knights of the Blended Rose and their adherents were delighted, and yelled and cheered like mad.

"Jove, but that friend of yours has done great work to-day," exclaimed Lieutenant Hartwick. "He has made me the most famous officer in the British army."

"It has been great sport for him," said Bob. "He delights in all kinds of contests."

"Well, he is a wonder, and I am his friend for life. You see, Joe, I really love the young lady Miss Garland, and your friend, in disposing of Manville as he did, has, I think, placed him out of the race for the young lady's hand; and his winning the tournament for the knights of the Blended Rose will make me stand high in the regards of the maiden, I am sure, as girls like athletic and brave and skilful men, and this will place me at the top in her estimation."

"I hope so, lieutenant," said Bob, "for I have taken a liking to you, and believe you are one who deserves to be fortunate."

"Thanks, Joe."

"But if the maiden agrees to become your wife, will you take her back to England?"

The lieutenant looked at Bob a few moments, as if thinking, and then said:

"I hardly know, Joe. The truth of the matter is that the young lady is a patriot, and I don't know whether she would be willing to go to England and live under the rule of a king or not."

"Then you settle down in this country, and become an American citizen."

"I might do that," in a musing voice. "Well, we will see. I'll do anything she says if she will only consent to marry me, for she is the sweetest girl I ever saw in all my life, Joe."

"Say, it's lucky for you that you have never seen my girl," said Bob, with a grin.

"Why so?"

"Because if you had, and had said what you just did to-day, I would have challenged you on the spot."

"You don't allow anyone to say their sweetheart is prettier and sweeter than yours, eh?" with a smile.

"No, sirree; not a bit of it. I've got the prettiest and sweetest sweetheart in the world."

"Indeed? Then I'd like to see her."

"Oh, you are prejudiced, and would not be willing to admit the truth, of course," with a grin. "My sweetheart is the sister of my friend, yonder."

"Ah, is that so?" with an air of interest.

"Yes."

"Well, all I have to say is, that if she is as sweet and beautiful as he is brave, she is all that you say."

"Well, she is, and more so."

As soon as Dick could bring his horse to a stop, after unhorsing his opponent, he leaped to the ground and ran to where the knight of the Burning Mountain lay, and asked those who had already gathered around the fallen man, if he was hurt.

"No, I think not," replied one of the opposing knights "he is badly jarred and shaken by the fall, but is not seriously injured, I am sure."

"I am glad of that. I should be very sorry if he were badly hurt."

"Oh, well, it would not be anything to your discredit. He took his chances, and if the fortunes of war were against him, he himself would be the last one to complain, or blame you."

"Certainly I did not wish to hurt him."

"Of course not; he understands that, and it is all right."

Several of the knights of the Blended Rose now crowded around Dick, and shook his hand and congratulated him.

"You won the victory for us, Hartwick," they said. "Jove, you have covered yourself with glory to-day, old fellow."

"Well, I did my best," said Dick, quietly. "And now, what is next on the tapis?"

"Why, you are to indicate one of the fair maidens, who is to be your queen and partner at the ball to-night, Hartwick. This is a reward for the best individual record in the tournament, as you know was to be the case. We all know who you will choose, eh, fellows?"

"I think we do," with a laugh.

"Well, you have a clear field now, Hartwick, thanks to your disposing of Manville, and we are glad of it, and wish you all the luck in the world."

"Thank you, my friends," said Dick.

Just then an announcer got up, and announced that Lieutenant Hartwick, the knight who had made the best individual record in the tournament, would point out the lady he desired to be his queen and partner at the grand ball, which was to be held that night.

And as the announcer finished speaking, a disconcerting thought came to Dick. Which one of the maidens was Miss Garland, the lieutenant's sweetheart?

Of course it was expected that he would point her out—it was imperative, in fact, that he should do so, but how was he to do it when he did not know which one was her?

The brave "Liberty Boy" was in a quandary.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LIEUTENANT IS GRATEFUL.

But help was at hand.

Lieutenant Hartwick was a bright fellow, and the thought had come to him of the quandary his substitute would be in, and he said to Bob:

"Jove, he must point out Miss Garland, or there will be a sensation, and it will probably be discovered that he is some one else, and not the person he is supposed to be. Will you slip over and tell him which one of the young ladies is Miss Garland?"

"Yes; which is the one?"

"The third one from this end of the row."

"All right. I'll give him the information."

Bob hastened forward, for he wished to reach Dick's side before the crowd around him had dispersed, as he would not attract so much attention.

He was soon close beside Dick, and in a low voice, and speaking almost in Dick's ear, said:

"Miss Garland is the third one from this end of the row."

"Here, who are you, and what are you doing in here?" cried one of the knights, seizing Bob by the shoulder and giving him a jerk.

"I—I—jes' wanted ter see whut wuz goin' on, mister," stammered Bob, as if greatly frightened. "Don' hurt me, mister."

"Well, get away from here, then, you country booby!"

"All right. I'll git erway frum heer," and Bob hastened back to where the lieutenant was standing.

"Did you get to tell him?" asked the lieutenant, anxiously.

"Yes."

"I was afraid you had been seized before you had a chance to speak to your friend."

"No, I told him, and he will point out Miss Garland."

"Good."

Having received the information he was desirous of receiving, Dick felt immensely relieved, and proceeded to his horse.

Then, lance in hand, he rode forward. He rode up the street, and whirling his horse, rode down along the line of pretty maidens. He passed clear along, and seemed to be looking carefully in their faces, and when he reached the end of the row, he brought his horse to a stop, whirled, and rode back till he came in front of the third maiden in the row. Here he paused, and lifting his hat, bowed low toward the girl. Then he returned the hat to his head, and pointed his lance straight at the blushing maiden.

"Here is the lady of my choice," he cried in a clear ringing voice. "It is my desire that she be my queen, and my partner at the ball to-night."

Then loud cheers went up, and calls for the young man to remove his mask were made, but he shook his head.

"No, I will not remove my mask," he called out. "I saw before leaving my rooms, that I would keep the mask on until the tournament was ended and I had returned to my quarters. This in order that I may not be accused of vanity. So, with your kind permission, I will now return to my rooms, and to-night you will see me at the ball."

There were more cheers, and then Dick again bowed to the maiden, and said:

"Farewell, my queen—until to-night."

"Farewell, Sir Knight, and—my king," replied the maiden, her voice trembling, and then Dick rode away, followed by the cheers of thousands.

"Now, let us hurry back to my rooms," said Lieutenant Hartwick.

He and Bob set out, and reached the lieutenant's quarters soon after Dick got there.

"Mr. Martin, I am your friend for life!" cried the lieutenant, seizing Dick's hand and shaking it energetically. "I could, his sore arms making it painful for him to do anything of the kind. "I thank you, earnestly and sincerely, for what you have this day done for me."

"That is all right," smiled Dick. "Don't mention it. I have enjoyed myself hugely."

"Well, you have performed some wonderful feats, I may say."

"Oh, nothing so very wonderful, I judge."

"Yes, yes. The defeat of Manville was a wonderful feat for he is a fine swordsman, and was feared by more than half the officers in the army."

"I guess they won't fear him after to-day."

"No, I think not. This will take a lot of the conceit and bravado out of him."

"Yes; and his sword arm will never be what it was before he received the wound I gave him. His arm will both

more or less, and he can never again pose as a master of the sword."

"I am glad to hear it."

"He deserved what he got," said Bob.

"I think so," said Dick. "I did not like his looks from the moment I laid eyes on him, and was rather glad when he came about that we clashed together."

"He intended to kill you, thinking you were me, and to take your place in the parade and tournament," said the lieutenant.

"Yes, I saw through it all," said Dick. "And I was more than willing to accommodate him, as I have no use for men who will try to put another out of the way by hiring ruffians to beat him to death, as he did in your case." "Well, his plans all turned out for his own discomfiture," said Hartwick, with an air of satisfaction. "Instead of getting me out of the way, and having a clear path for the winning of Miss Garland, he has himself been thrown out of the way, leaving the field clear for me."

"Serves him right," said Bob.

"I can never thank you sufficiently, Mr. Martin," said the lieutenant. "You have not only made me almost sure of winning the young lady, but you have given me a wonderful reputation among my comrades, and I will be the hero of the army."

"That is all right," smiled Dick. "You are welcome to what I did, for I got more than enough sport and pleasure out of it all to pay me for the trouble I underwent."

"But you risked your life," protested the lieutenant.

"That is something that occurs so frequently as to make me consider it unworthy of being considered," smiled Dick. The lieutenant looked at the youths wonderingly and hesitatingly.

"I hardly know what to think of you two fellows," he said presently. "One thing I do know, however, and that is that you are not the simple country youths you professed to be."

The "Liberty Boys" smiled.

"Well, it doesn't matter who and what we are," said Dick.

"But I am greatly interested," the lieutenant insisted. "I would like to know who the persons really are that I am so much to. You will go away, and the chances are that I may never see you again. I will remember you as Martin and Joe Benton, but I am confident those are not your names, and I am equally confident you are not simple country boys."

"Perhaps you are right," smiled Dick. "But it doesn't

matter. You owe us nothing. We have enjoyed ourselves greatly to-day, and we will call it even."

"Tell me who and what you really are," pleaded the lieutenant. "I am greatly interested, and, too, I am your friend for life. I give you my word of honor that what you tell me shall be held inviolate. Even if you were to tell me you were two of the rankest rebels in the country, it would be all right, and I would risk my life to protect you, and keep you from being discovered by the British. You may trust me fully."

"Why not tell him, old man?" asked Bob, with a grin.

"It would do no good, Bob," was the reply.

"Yes it would; it will do me a great deal of good to know to whom it is that I owe so much," said the lieutenant. "And it can not by any possibility do any harm. I guarantee that. If you were two rebel generals, I would fight to the death to protect you, or do anything to assist you in making your escape, if you were in danger from the British."

"I believe you have become imbued with the belief that we are 'rebels,' as you call them," said Dick, smiling.

The young officer nodded.

"You are right," he acknowledged. "I am confident that you are rebels."

"He's a pretty good guesser, eh, old man?" laughed Bob, addressing Dick.

The youth nodded and smiled.

"Yes, you are a pretty good guesser, lieutenant," he said.

"But I'll wager you can't guess who we are," grinned Bob.

The lieutenant started, and looked first at Bob and then at Dick in a most searching manner. He had long since made up his mind that the two were no ordinary youths. The feats performed by the handsome youth who had impersonated him in the parade and tournament had proved this most conclusively. He wondered who the two could be, and of a sudden a startling thought came to him.

Could it be possible that the youths were two of the famous "Liberty Boys," whose deeds during the past winter and spring had made them the most-talked-of of any members of the patriot army? Could it be possible that one of the two might be the famous scout and spy, Dick Slater?

"Say," he said eagerly, "I'll wager a month's pay that you two young fellows are members of the famous company of 'Liberty Boys'? Am I right?"

"Yes, you are right," said Dick.

"And can it be possible that you are the famous scout and spy, Dick Slater?"

Dick laughed.

"Well, at any rate, my name is Dick Slater," he answered.

"Good. I'm glad to know you, Dick Slater. And your friend, here. Who is he?"

"I am Bob Estabrook," said Bob. "You may have heard of me, though I haven't played quite so many smooth tricks on the enemy as Dick has."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of you," said the lieutenant, "and I am more than delighted to make the acquaintance of two such famous young men."

"Well, we are glad to know that there are at least a few real men among the British," said Dick. "It does us good to meet a man like you, lieutenant."

"Hush, or you will make me vain," said the young officer, blushing.

"I guess there is no danger of that."

The lieutenant now entered into eager and enthusiastic conversation with the youths. He seemed to be greatly pleased on account of their having confidence enough in him to tell who they were, and in return he told them that he had more than half made up his mind that if Miss Garland would accept him he would leave the British army, join the patriot army, fight for Independence till the war ended, and then settle down and remain in America permanently.

"I like this country immensely," he said in conclusion, "and I have often been bothered with doubts regarding the justness of King George's position in trying to make the people of America pay tribute to him, and help support him in idleness and luxury."

"You have the making of a good freeman in you," said Dick, "and I hope you will obey the impulse that has come to you, and do what you say you have thought of doing."

"I am going to ask Miss Garland to be my wife this very evening," said the lieutenant, "and if her reply is favorable, then I shall desert from the British army and join the patriot army."

"Won't that be a very dangerous thing to do?" asked Bob.

"No, I don't think so."

"You don't?"

"No. You see, I have heard that General Clinton is going to withdraw the British army from Philadelphia right away, and I will pretend that I am not feeling well enough to accompany the army, and will remain behind. Then all I will have to do will be to not rejoin the British army."

"That will be a safe way of doing it," said Dick.

"Yes, and a pleasant way. I will simply remain here

in Philadelphia where my sweetheart is, and that is all I wish to do."

"Yes, that will be quite pleasant."

"It will, indeed."

"And you say the British army is to be withdrawn from Philadelphia, lieutenant?" asked Dick.

"Yes; so I heard from reliable sources this morning."

"Good. General Washington must know of this at the earliest possible moment—that is, if you do not object to my using the information you have given me, lieutenant," said Dick.

"I have no objections, whatever."

"All right. Then I shall leave the city just as soon as it is dark, and will carry the news to the patriot commander-in-chief."

"Very well. You must stay and take supper with me."

"We shall be glad to do that."

"I wish you could attend the ball to-night"

"That would be an impossibility," said Dick, "even if I did not have anything of importance to do, and it is all my business before pleasure with us."

"That is right, too."

At this instant the trampling of many feet was heard in the hall, and there came a loud knock on the door.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTRAPPED.

Luckily the lieutenant and Dick had been putting in the time they were engaged in conversation in changing their clothes, and when the knock came on the door Dick was clothed in his own rough suit, while the lieutenant had resumed his uniform.

"What do you think?" asked Dick in a whisper. "O Bob and I to be seen?"

"I think it will not be advisable," was the reply. "I have an idea the callers are my comrades, the knights of the Blended Rose, and they have come to talk the matter of your victory over with me, and congratulate me."

"Is there another room in which we can conceal ourselves till your friends go?"

"Yes; go in that room, yonder," pointing. "No one will enter there, and you will be safe."

The youths did as told, moving very quietly, and as they had disappeared, the lieutenant went and opened the door.

he had surmised, it was his comrades, and they had to talk of their victory over the knights of the Burnmountain, and congratulate the lieutenant on his good fortune. There were six of them, and they started in to shake the lieutenant's hand, but he winced and told them to be careful. When he told them about having been set upon and struck on the arms by clubs in the hands of ruffians, and showed them his arms, which were black and blue. The young officers uttered exclamations of amazement, and asked how in the world he had managed to handle his lance in the duel with Manville, and the lance in the tournament.

"Did it on my nerve," was the reply. "I was confident Manville had hired the ruffians to attack me, with the idea of having me beaten so badly that I would be unable to take part in the tournament, and I was determined to foil him, and spoil his plans, if I died of pain while doing it."

"Bravo! You are all right, Hartwick!" cried one of the officers, admiringly. The others said the same, and many were the exclamations of amazement that they gave utterance to as they looked at the lieutenant's arms.

"Beating them so severely in the duel and tournament has made them much more stiff and sore than they already were," the lieutenant said, "and I don't know whether or not I will be able to dance at the ball; but I will try to do my best."

The young men remained perhaps an hour, and then took their departure.

As soon as they were gone Dick and Bob came forth to their place of concealment.

"Did you hear me bragging of my achievements?" asked the lieutenant, with a smile.

"Yes, but that was all right," replied Dick. "You have carried that way, to carry the deception out, and I am glad you are enabled to make use of the things I did, and derive some benefit from them."

When supper time came the lieutenant had the meal served in his room, and the three partook of the food with him. The two "Liberty Boys" remained till dark, and then made the lieutenant good-bye and took their departure. They went to the livery stable where they had left their horses that morning, and asked that the animals be brought

very well. "I'll attend to it," said the man. "My stable

boy is at supper. Just step into my office, and I will go and bridle and saddle your horses myself."

The youths stepped into the office and took seats, and the man closed the door, and went back to do the work—at least, so the youths supposed.

He was gone so long, however, that they began to be suspicious.

"What makes him so long?" asked Bob.

"I don't know, Bob."

"I could have bridled and saddled a dozen horses in the time he has been gone."

"So could I."

"Let's step out and inquire into the matter."

"All right."

They arose and tried the door, only to find it fastened!

They were prisoners in the office.

For some reason the stableman had fastened the door, making them prisoners, and there could be only one solution of the affair.

He suspected them of being patriots.

"What in blazes does it mean, Dick?"

"It means trouble for us, I guess, Bob."

"I judge you are right about that."

"Yes, there is no doubt regarding it."

"What shall we do?"

"Break out."

"But I fear that is easier said than done. This door is a strong one."

"So it is. And there is no window."

"No, and—hear the trampling of feet out there, Dick?"

"Yes."

"The stableman has gone and brought in some redcoats, I'll wager."

"Likely enough."

"Great guns! If we had only found out we were prisoners sooner we might have broken out and got away before they got here."

"Yes, but now it is too late."

"Yes, it's too late. But what is to be done?"

Just then they heard a fumbling at the door, and Dick whispered to Bob:

"We must keep them out."

"How'll we do it?"

Dick glanced around. There was a stout piece of an old wagon-tongue standing in one corner. He seized it, and placed it against the door as a brace. As the door opened inward this would prevent those on the outside from pushing the door open.

The youths worked rapidly, and soon had the brace fixed so it could not be shaken loose, and then they felt better.

"We can't get out," whispered Dick, "but neither can they get in."

Just then some one pushed against the door, and on finding it would not open the person gave utterance to an exclamation of amazement, followed by a curse of rage.

"The blamed rebels have fastened the door shut," the youths heard the voice of the stableman say.

"They have fastened the door?" in another voice.

"Yes."

"Then we will have to burst the door down."

"We can't do that." This was said in a low voice, and was not intended for the youths' ears, but they heard it.

"Why can't we?"

"Because the door is too stout."

"Then we must try to get them to open the door."

"You can try it, but I don't think you'll succeed."

"You don't?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because, I don't think they are the kind of fellows who will do anything to help an enemy get at them."

"Well, we will try, and see what we can do."

Then the youths heard a loud voice call out:

"Hello, you two in there."

"Hello, yourself," replied Dick.

"Open the door."

"What for?"

"What for?"

"Yes."

"Why, your horses are ready for you."

"Oh, are they?" There was sarcasm in Dick's tones.

"Yes."

"Glad to hear it. Just tie them and go off about your business. We are not quite ready to start yet."

"You can't fool those fellows," the youths heard the stableman say. "They're too smart to be taken in."

"They weren't so smart but that you were enabled to fool them."

"But that was different. They were not looking for any trick to be played upon them then."

"Open the door and come out," again called out the loud voice. "We are friends."

"You might as well save your breath," replied Dick. "You can't deceive us."

"Come out, you fools."

"We'd be fools if we did."

"What good will it do you to stay in there?"

"A lot of good."

"You will have to come out sooner or later, and might as well come out at once."

"We'll wait awhile, at any rate."

"The longer you wait, and the more trouble you can the worse it will be for you."

"Who are you, anyway?"

"We are soldiers of the king."

"What do you want with us?"

"We want to make prisoners of you."

"Why?"

"Because you are rebels."

"You are mistaken."

"You say we are?"

"Yes."

"You deny being rebels?"

"We do."

"Who and what are you, then?"

"We are country boys."

"Indeed?" There was a sneer in the man's tones.

"Yes."

"That will do to tell, but it won't do to believe."

"It is the truth just the same, and the best thing can do is to go away and let us go our way in peace."

"We couldn't think of doing that. When we go from here you will accompany us."

"I have my doubts regarding that."

"Bah! You cannot escape us."

"Neither can you get at us."

"Sooner or later we will do so."

"That remains to be seen."

There was no reply, and the youths could hear the murmur of voices. The redcoats and the stableman were trying the situation over.

The youths proceeded to do the same.

"It looks as if we are in for it, Dick," said Bob.

"Yes, so it does."

"Is there no chance for escape?"

"It doesn't look like it."

The youths looked around them, at the four walls and a little office.

There was no window. The only way of leaving the room seemed to be by way of the door, and this, of course, was out of the question.

What should they do? What could they do?

It seemed as if they could do nothing at all.

In looking around, Bob happened to look up at the ceiling, and a low exclamation of excitement escaped him.

"What is it, Bob?" asked Dick in a whisper.

outh pointed up at the ceiling.
made of loose boards, laid across the sleepers," he
d. "If we can get up to them I believe it will be
matter to push the boards aside, and get up into
And if we can do that I believe we can make our

are right," agreed Dick. "And there is a desk
can stand on."

outh proceeded to get up on the desk, and he found
could easily reach the boards of which the ceiling
prised.

sted one or two of the boards and found they were
ened.

oked down at Bob and nodded his head, as much as
We can get out this way."

he cautiously pushed the boards to one side, and
made an opening large enough for the passage of
body.

hen a voice came from the outside:

you fellows going to open the door and surrender?"
question asked.

we are not," replied Bob, from his position near

will be sorry if you don't."

would be sorry if we did."

. Be sensible, and come out."

We will be sensible, and stay in here."

right. You may stay there awhile. We will soon
out, however."

you?"

right. When you do, let us know, will you?"

you'll know it."

made no reply. He was watching Dick, who had
himself up through the opening in the ceiling, and
ted to follow his comrade's example.

tip-toed across to the desk, mounted it silently, and
himself up through the hole in the ceiling.

ouths found themselves in the hay-mow. At one
hay, and back well toward the rear was a square
l a rude ladder which led down to the ground

extreme end of the stable-loft was a door, which
dly looked out upon an alley, and through which
as taken into the loft.

Liberty Boys" hardly knew what to do. Should
at through this back door and make their escape?
l they climb down the ladder, and make the at-
secure their horses?

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE.

The youths did not like to go away and leave their
horses.

Even if they escaped from the stable they would still be
unable to more than get out of the city.

Yet it was necessary that they should return to Valley
Forge as quickly as possible, in order to carry the informa-
tion to General Washington of the fact that the British
were going to evacuate Philadelphia.

So they decided to climb down the ladder, and make the
attempt to get their horses out of the stable.

It was not very dark, but was dark enough to favor them
to some extent, and hide their movements, and they suc-
ceeded in getting down to the ground-floor without being
discovered.

Then they made an investigation, and learned that there
were eight redcoats and the stableman up at the front end
of the stable.

"We will risk it," whispered Dick. "We will bridle and
saddle our horses, mount, and make a dash out through
the front entrance. If any of those fellows get in our way,
we'll run over them."

The youths knew where their horses were, and proceeded
to bridle and saddle the animals.

When they had accomplished this they led the horses out
into the main part of the stable, and climbed into the sad-
dles.

The redcoats and the stableman were still standing near
the door of the office, talking. They supposed, of course,
that the two youths were still prisoners within the office,
and did not suspect that they had escaped.

They were destined to be given a big surprise, however,
for suddenly they were startled by hearing the sound of
hoofs on the floor of the stable, and the next moment the
youths on horseback were upon them.

"Out of the way," cried Dick. "Out of the way, or get
run over."

A couple of the redcoats were not quick enough, and were
knocked down and run over, and they gave utterance to
howls and curses.

"It's the rebels," yelled the stableman wildly.

"Shoot them down!" roared the redcoat who seemed to
be the leader of the party.

The youths dashed out of the stable like twin whirl-
winds, and turned up the street. As they turned, the

came the whip-like crack of several pistol-shots, and two or three bullets whistled past the daring youths.

"That was pretty close," said Bob.

"Yes, but a miss is as good as a mile, Bob."

"So it is."

The redcoats rushed out of the stable, yelling like wild men, and they fired some more shots, but the fugitives were now out of range.

To say that the redcoats were angry and disgusted is stating the matter mildly.

They raved, and some of them swore like troopers—the two who had been knocked down and run over by the horses being foremost in this work.

"How in the world did the scoundrelly rebels escape from the office?" asked the leader of the party.

"It is hard to say," replied the stableman, scratching his head.

"There must be another door."

"No there isn't, and I can't think how they got out. Hold on! I'll wager I have it. Just wait here a few moments."

The stableman hastened back to the ladder which led to the hay-loft, and ascending this, he made his way to the point that would be the ceiling of the office.

As he had suspected, he found the boards pushed aside, and a hole large enough for the passage of a human body.

"That's the way they got out," he muttered. "I don't see why I didn't think of it sooner. I might have known they would be able to get out this way."

He let himself down through the hole onto the top of the desk, leaped to the floor, and took the brace from against the door. Then he opened the door, and stepped out.

"Ah, you found how they got out of the office?" exclaimed the leader of the redcoats.

"Yes. They climbed through the hole there in the ceiling. They shoved some boards to one side, as you will see."

The redcoats looked and saw the stableman had spoken truly.

"Well, they were too smart for us," he said, in a tone of disgust.

"Yes, they beat us, there's no two ways about that."

The redcoats took their departure, presently, and went back to their quarters, for they knew it would be useless to try to follow the fugitives, even if they were to mount horses, for the youths were well-mounted, and could easily dodge them.

Meanwhile Dick and Bob were riding rapidly through the suburbs of Philadelphia.

They thought they would have no difficulty in getting out of the city, but were challenged by a British sentinel at

the last moment, just when they thought they were out of all danger.

"Halt! Who comes there?" was the challenge.

"Friends," replied Dick.

"Advance, friends, and give the countersign."

The youths rode forward, and when they were almost up to the sentinel they saw he had his musket leveled. Noon was just coming up, and made everything very light:

"Stop!" the sentinel cried threateningly. "Don't go any farther until you have given the countersign."

The youths brought their horses to a standstill. Dick leaped to the ground, and advanced toward the sentinel.

"I have a note here for you," he said. "It is from the commander-in-chief."

"A note for me?" in surprise.

"Yes."

"What is it about?"

"I don't know."

"You will have to read it yourself," said Bob.

Dick had drawn a folded piece of paper from his pocket, and he extended it toward the sentinel.

The soldier lowered his musket to reach for the paper, and with the leap of a panther Dick was upon him.

The "Liberty Boy" struck out straight from the side, and the result was that the sentinel was knocked down. He was not badly hurt, however, and started to scramble on his feet. But Dick drew a pistol, caught hold of the hilt of the weapon, and struck the redcoat over the head.

The sentinel sank to the ground senseless, and when on his horse, Dick said:

"Come, Bob; we have an open road ahead of us now. They dashed onward, and rode rapidly.

They rode through Germantown, and onward till they reached the Schuylkill. This stream was crossed, and the youths continued the rapid ride to Valley Forge.

It was eleven o'clock when they got there, but they had passed the house occupied by General Washington. In the quarters they noted the fact that a light was still burning.

"The commander-in-chief is still up," said Dick. "He will go at once, and make my report to him."

Leaping off their horses in front of the cabin in which they had their quarters, Bob said to Dick:

"You go to headquarters. I'll look after the horses."

"All right, Bob. Much obliged."

"That's all right."

Bob led the horses away, while Dick hastened

occupied by the commander-in-chief, and knocked on door.

"Come in," called out a voice which Dick recognized as that of General Washington himself.

The youth opened the door and entered. Then he closed door, and stepped from the hall into the room occupied by the commander-in-chief, the door being open.

"Ah, it's you, is it, Dick?" the great man exclaimed. "I glad to see you. What is the news?"

"I have great news for you, sir. The British are going to evacuate Philadelphia."

The great man uttered an exclamation.

"Is that indeed true, Dick?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know?"

"I was told so by a British lieutenant. I had done a favor for him, and he was kind enough to do one for me in return."

"And do you think he was telling you the truth?"

"I am sure of it, sir."

"What makes you sure the British are going to evacuate Philadelphia, Dick?"

"The fact that General Howe has resigned the command of the British army, and——"

"Has he resigned, Dick?" eagerly.

"Yes, and sails to-night for England."

"Well, well! And who takes his place?"

"General Clinton."

"I supposed that such would be the case. He was the best man for the position."

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he in Philadelphia?"

"Yes, sir."

The commander-in-chief was silent for a few moments, slowly pondering.

Then he nodded his head, and said:

"I am inclined to think that your informant told you the truth, Dick, when he said Philadelphia is to be evacuated."

"I am sure of it, sir," the youth said.

"And did he say this was to be done soon?"

"Yes, sir. Right away, he said. They held a big parade and a tournament in the city to-day, in honor of General Clinton."

"And by this time he has sailed, and General Clinton is in command. The probabilities are that he will order us to evacuate Philadelphia at once."

"Very well. In that case we must be ready to follow, for we are determined to strike the British a blow while they are on their way to New York."

"If you wish, sir, I will return to Philadelphia in the morning and keep a close watch on the enemy. And then, as soon as the army begins to move, I will come and tell you."

"That will be a good plan, Dick. Do this."

"Very well, your excellency. I will away the first thing in the morning."

The youth bade the commander-in-chief good-night, and went to his quarters, and to bed.

After breakfast next morning he mounted his horse and rode away toward the east.

He rode at a moderate pace, and arrived in Philadelphia about noon.

He had no difficulty in entering the city, and took up his quarters at a tavern near the rooms occupied by his redcoat friend Lieutenant Hartwick.

The youth knew that if he could meet his friend on the street there would be no trouble about keeping informed on what the British intended doing.

As luck would have it, he met the lieutenant that evening, and was greeted joyously.

"Come to my rooms with me," the young officer said, eagerly. "I want to have a good, long talk with you."

So Dick went with him, and was soon ensconced in the officer's easy chair.

"How did you get along at the ball, last night?" asked Dick.

"Splendidly, Dick," was the reply, "and, old fellow, I asked Miss Garland the momentous question, and she said yes."

"Good! I congratulate you," said Dick, and he shook the young officer's hand.

They talked for an hour, and the lieutenant gave Dick all the information he could regarding the intended movements of the British.

"There is no doubt at all about our leaving Philadelphia," said the lieutenant. "But it is going to take some time to get things in readiness."

"I should judge so," said Dick.

"Yes. I understand that the commander-in-chief hardly knows what to do. You see, he would like to return to New York by sea, but hasn't enough transports to convey the army."

"Ah, that's the difficulty?"

"Yes. I heard some talk to-day to the effect that there was a probability that he would send the Tories, of whom there are about three thousand, on the transports, and then march across New Jersey with the army."

"Well, I will see you every evening, lieutenant, and

when you learn what has been definitely decided upon let me know."

"I will do so."

Soon afterward Dick bade his friend good-night, and went to the tavern and to his room.

The "Liberty Boy" remained in the city three days, and at the end of that time the lieutenant informed him that it had been definitely decided to send the Tories by transports to New York, while the army would march across New Jersey.

"But we won't get started for two or three weeks yet," he added, "as there is so much to do."

This was considered important enough news to take to General Washington, so that night he returned to Valley Forge, and told the commander-in-chief what he had learned.

"Very good, Dick," General Washington said. "You may return to Philadelphia to-morrow, and keep track of the doings of the enemy. We must not let the British get away without our knowing it, as I do not wish them to get too big a start of us."

Next morning Dick returned to Philadelphia, and resumed the work of spying on the enemy.

CHAPTER X.

THE LONG MARCH.

Dick remained in Philadelphia nearly three weeks.

During that time he made two or three trips to Valley Forge and thus kept General Washington fully informed as to what was going on among the British in Philadelphia.

At the end of that time his friend, Lieutenant Hartwick, told him that the time had been set for the evacuation of the city.

"What day are they to go?" asked Dick.

"On the morning of the eighteenth," was the reply.

"Let's see, that's the day after to-morrow, isn't it?"

"Well, what have you decided to do?" asked Dick. "Are you going to go with them, or will you remain in Philadelphia, as you said you thought of doing, and then fail to rejoin the army?"

"I am going to remain in Philadelphia, Dick."

Dick extended his hand, which the other grasped.

"Good for you, lieutenant. I am confident you will never regret the step which you are going to take."

"I am sure that I shall never regret it, Dick."

"But how are you going to manage it, lieutenant? will you manage to be left behind?"

"I am going to be sick, Dick, and unable to travel."

He winked as he said this, and Dick nodded understandingly.

"That's how you will do it, eh?"

"Yes; I am going to be taken ill to-morrow."

That evening Dick rode out of the city and away in the direction of Valley Forge.

On arriving there he went at once to headquarters.

"I have news for you, General Washington," he said.

"Ah!" exclaimed the great man. "Have the British a date for the evacuation, Dick?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"When is it to take place?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"Ah, that is the eighteenth, isn't it?"

"Yes, your excellency."

General Washington was now armed with just the information he wanted. He at once called a council at which his officers were present, and definite plans were determined upon.

It was decided that a small force under General Arnold should march into Philadelphia on the morning of the eighteenth, as the British were marching out, and take possession of the city. As General Arnold was so crippled up by the wounds received at Saratoga as to make travelling long distances on horseback almost a physical impossibility, it was decided that he should be placed in command of the force which was to be left in Philadelphia.

The main body of the army, under Washington, Lee, and the other officers, was to march in a northerly direction, cross the Delaware at a point seventy-five miles up the river, and then march across New Jersey and take the British army off somewhere near the center of the State.

This plan was adhered to.

On the morning of the eighteenth, as the British guard marched out of Philadelphia, General Arnold and his force marched into the city and took possession of the name of the Continental Congress.

Of course the Tories in Philadelphia were not very pleased with the situation. They had been accustomed to the presence of the British soldiers for so long that they did not like the idea of being forced to put up with the presence of the patriot force.

There was no help for it, however, and they made the best of the situation.

The patriots, however, were delighted, and it was

before hundreds who had been in exile while the were in control of Philadelphia, returned to the from which they had been banished for so long.

While both the British and patriot armies were going at their best speed. The British army numbered ten thousand men, and was stretched out for many miles there being twelve miles of wagons in which the provisions, and ammunition were being conveyed. General Washington's army was not encumbered with many wagons and teams, however, as it depended more on forage secured along the route. This enabled them to travel faster than the British went, and General Washington felt confident that they would be able to head the British off and engage them in battle before the enemy could shake the dust of New Jersey high from their feet.

A matter of history that this was accomplished. On the twenty-eighth of June, a battle was fought at Monmouth. It was a desperate battle, the tide being first for the patriots and later against the British.

It was a terribly hot day, the thermometer standing at sixty-six degrees in the shade, and many deaths occurred from sunstroke.

The battle continued until darkness set in, when of course it had to be stopped.

In this battle the "Liberty Boys" were very much in evidence. They were here, there, and everywhere, and they fought bravely, even desperately. Indeed, so prominent had they been on the field of battle that General Washington ordered Dick soon after the battle had ceased, and commended him and his "Liberty Boys" on their good work. "I have some work which I wish you to do, Dick," the commander-in-chief said.

"I shall be glad to do anything which you wish done, excellency," said Dick.

Then the commander-in-chief had quite a long talk with Dick. At its close, the youth assured the commander-in-chief that he would do his best to carry out his wishes, and of the success of his plan, and then the youth went back to where his "Liberty Boys" were stationed.

After supper was over Dick and the "Liberty Boys" filed out to the main encampment of the patriot army, and proceeded by a circuitous route till they were around

upon the left flank of the main force of the British. Here they went into camp, on a hill-side, where it would be possible for the British to see them, and a couple of tents were pitched, and a good-sized fire built. Everything had the appearance of a bona fide encampment, and the "Liberty Boys" lay down just as if they intended sleeping there till morning.

This move of the "Liberty Boys" was intended to puzzle the British. Of course they could see the campfire, the tents, and even the boys themselves, and naturally they wondered why the party had come to that spot and gone into camp.

The fact of the matter was that General Washington intended the movement of the "Liberty Boys" as a ruse. He wished to get the attention of the British attracted to the youths, and then it was his intention to make an attack under cover of the darkness.

He did, indeed, attempt to make an attack at the farther side of the British encampment, but the enemy had out a double line of sentinels, and the alarm was given so promptly that the British were enabled to rally at the threatened point in such numbers that the patriot commander-in-chief saw at once that there would be nothing to be gained by going ahead with the attack.

So he gave the order for his men to fall back to their encampment, and they did so at once. This attempt had failed, but the commander-in-chief had another plan which he intended putting into effect.

As the first move in this plan he sent a messenger to Dick Slater. When this messenger had delivered his message to Dick, and had taken his departure, Dick told the "Liberty Boys" what they were to do.

"The commander-in-chief is going to send a portion of our army on a long march around the British forces," the youth explained. "It is his intention to head the British off and engage them in battle early in the morning. He wishes us to go with this party, and as it will be a long march we will start at once."

"But won't the British see us go and suspect what we are up to?" asked Bob.

"No," replied Dick. "We will leave the tents, and the fire burning, and will slip away."

"Ah, yes, that will be a clever ruse," said Bob.

It did not take the youths long to get ready. They withdrew from the encampment silently and carefully, and were soon ready for the start.

The "Liberty Boys" felt sure the ruse would deceive the British and set out on their long march with light hearts.

The youths marched steadily till nearly daylight, and then they paused, ate a frugal breakfast, and then waited impatiently for the coming of daylight.

The youths supposed, of course, that the portion of the patriot army that was to get in ahead of the British and attack them was near at hand, and in thus thinking they were right.

When daylight came the patriot force in question was soon located, but the British—where were they?

It did not take long to discover that if the patriots could play tricks and make long marches the redcoats could do likewise; for the British army had marched steadily during the last half of the night, and had got past the point where the "Liberty Boys" and the other patriot soldiers were, and had thus escaped the trap which had been set for them.

To say that the patriots were disappointed is stating the matter very mildly. They were angry and disgusted at having been beaten at their own game.

The "Liberty Boys" ruse had gone for naught. Their long march had availed them nothing.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to wait for the other portion of the patriot army to come up, and this was done.

General Washington was greatly disappointed. He had hoped to strike the enemy a severe blow.

He called his officers together for the purpose of holding a council of war. He sent for Dick Slater, and when the youth appeared the commander-in-chief asked:

"Do you know where the British force is now, Dick?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "While waiting for your portion of the army to get here I went on a scouting expedition, and had no difficulty in locating the British army."

"Where is it, Dick?"

"On the heights of Middletown."

"Ah! So that is where they have gone, is it?"

"It is."

General Washington turned toward his officers.

"You hear, gentlemen?" he said. "The enemy has a refuge on the heights of Middletown. Would it not be to attempt to attack them there?"

The other officers said that they thought it would. "In my opinion it would be the height of folly," General Lafayette.

"It is too bad," said General Washington. "I wish to strike the British another blow, but now I shall have to give up all thought of doing so."

When Dick and the "Liberty Boys" learned that no further attempt was to be made to attack the British they were greatly disappointed. They were never satisfied unless they were fighting.

"Well, we gave them the worst of it at Monmouth, anyway," said Bob.

"Yes," replied Dick. "We lost only three hundred and sixty-two men, while the British must have lost, in killed and wounded, a thousand or more."

"Yes, and they sneaked away in the night to avoid having to have another fight with us," said Bob. "This proves that they were whipped."

In most British histories the Battle of Monmouth is spoken of as a drawn battle, but one can scarcely read an account of the battle and look upon it as having been drawn. Had the shoe been on the other foot, the British would undoubtedly have claimed the victory.

The evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, followed so soon by the practical defeat of their army by the patriots, had a good effect on the American people.

There had been a great deal of complaint against the British tactics, but now that the tide had turned and the patriot army seemed in a fair way to carry everything before it, the people ceased grumbling and began to fight instead.

It began to dawn upon the people that General Washington was really a great general and knew what he was doing.

It having been decided by General Washington and his officers that it would be useless to try to attack the British, the question came up as to what should be done. After considerable discussion it was decided to march straight to the Hudson, and soon the army was on its way thither.

The patriot army reached the Hudson in good

passed it, and marched to White Plains, where it took up quarters.

Meanwhile, the British army had reached New York City.

The two armies now occupied practically the same positions they had occupied in 1776, two years prior to the present time. The similarity extended only to the positions of the army, however; in other respects a great difference existed.

In 1776 the British army had been on the offensive, the patriot army on the defensive. General Howe had marched against General Washington and a battle had been fought on Chatterton Hill, at White Plains. Now, however, things were different, for the patriot army was on the offensive, while the British army was on the defensive.

All General Clinton expected to do was to hold New York City, and he was not sure that he could do this.

General Washington, for his part, hoped to be able to capture New York. If he could do this it would be a great blow to the British and would, in fact, practically end the war.

He did, indeed, attempt to capture New York, later but failed, and then an enterprise was got under way for striking the British a blow at Newport in Rhode Island.

As this has already been told about in another one of the "Liberty Boys" stories, no particular mention of the enterprise need be made here.

* * * * *

As he had told Dick Slater he would do, Lieutenant Hartwick pretended to get sick the day before the British evacuated Philadelphia.

He sent word to General Clinton that he was too sick to go with the army, and so when the army marched away he was left behind.

Before the British rear-guard was out of the city the lieutenant was at the home of his sweetheart, Miss Garland, and together they watched the redcoats march away.

As the last of the British soldiers disappeared from sight, Lieutenant Hartwick turned to the girl and said:

"I have severed my connections with the British army and all, and henceforth and forever I shall be an American citizen. I burned my uniform before coming to my sweetheart, and if ever again I don a uniform it will be Continental blue."

"I am so glad, Harold, dear," murmured the beautiful girl, and throwing her arms around his neck she gave him a kiss.

"And so am I glad, little sweetheart," said the young man, folding her to his breast.

"Look, Harold, look!" suddenly exclaimed the girl, pointing up the street.

Harold looked and saw the patriot force that had been sent to take possession of Philadelphia.

They watched the blue-coated soldiers march up the street, with interest and pleasure, but there were hundreds of Tories who were not so well pleased.

Harold Hartwick did join the patriot army later on, and fought bravely in a number of battles. When the war ended he wore a lieutenant's uniform, but this time it was blue. His sweetheart had waited patiently for him, and when he went to her and told her that he was ready they went straight to a preacher and were married.

Mrs. Hartwick never knew that it was not her husband who had fought the duel with Lieutenant Manville and taken part in the knights' tournament, but her husband knew it, and always in his heart was a feeling of deep gratitude toward Dick Slater, the brave "Liberty Boy" who had taken his place and performed such prodigies of valor in his name.

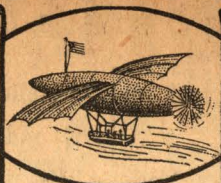
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